

outbreaks have been known from time immemorial in Asia, and but seldom amongst Europeans, until the fell tide of Asiatic immigration set in. It is at least reasonable to suppose that filth and dirt will conduce to disease, and where would you find a filthier and dirtier race than the majority of the Chinese that infest our cities and add corruption to our nether world?

Surely this Chinese competition, with its concatenation of horrors, is worthy the serious attention of our legislators; before too late every means, even extreme measures, should be taken to stop this influx of inferiority. It must be manifest that their contact and intermarriage is disastrous to the preservation of the highest qualities of our race. Stockowners do not think of importing inferior breeds. Is the breed of New Zealanders to be deemed of no consideration? To compete with them we will have to adopt their mode of living; our marriage laws and customs will have of necessity to be set at defiance. These are the concomitants of the present. To clothe these facts in less uncouth language would be to lessen the impression to outsiders. This is a national question. Even Prohibition and half million surpluses, real or fictitious, sink into insignificance. The law of nations will no doubt be involved, but the progress of the rapidly expanding evil, admits of no delay in seeking means for its arrest.

We may buy with you, sell with you, talk with you (per post), but we will neither live with you, sit with you, eat with you. If there is ever to be a United Australia, it will be caused from a study of this evil. Up then you Legislators, sink your minor grievances, and arm yourselves with the old indomitable spirit of our ancestors, the spirit of a Pitt, a Macaulay, and grapple with the greatest evil that can befall our favoured land. Your children's heritage may go from them. The reward that you toiled for, that you heaped up a national debt for, is going from you. Better far your grand old Maoris than those scum and outcast of the east who benefit us naught. America was roused a few years back—let us profit by their action; if we only by it secure that which is dear to English prejudice—an almighty precedent. This is New Zealand's foreign policy. If England be frightened of reprisals she will have to sacrifice her mere Eastern trade, and think instead of her flesh and blood, who are worth an infinity more. The benefits from our connection with China are far outbalanced by the disadvantages. The dictum must be "No more Chinese." If England does interpose we must speak out as Dibbs did on an historical occasion regarding Chicago. We have our own people to consider and should keep pegging away until we remove every yellow-faced horror out of the land.

The Wellington Bowling Club.

The Wellington Bowling Club is more than ordinarily lucky in the possession of two officers who, while fully discharging the sometimes thorny duties of their respective offices, have the happy knack of pleasing everybody. We refer to Captain Edwin (the secretary) and to Mr. Thomas Ballinger (the treasurer). Both gentlemen are enthusiasts, and that perhaps may explain the secret of success. During the month the directors entertained the members at a smoke concert, at which appreciation of Captain Edwin's services was marked by the presentation to that gentleman of a pair of gold spectacles and a handsome cigarette case. A fortnight later the members reciprocated the directors' hospitality. Great was the enthusiasm when Mr. Ballinger was called up to accept a souvenir in the form of a suitably inscribed dater; and the enthusiasm broke into hilarity when the Man of Forecasts was handed (the hidden humour of the dogs!)—an umbrella. The large number of members who were present at the entertainment vow they never spent a more enjoyable evening. The musical talent—thanks to Mr. F. W. Haybittle—was away above the average at similar functions. One of the features of the evening was a "poem" by Mr. John

McGlashan, having reference to the last tournament held in Wellington, entitled

AN ODE TO BOWLERS.

For weeks an' weeks afore the time,
We startit to prepare,
To mak' o'or Bowlin' Tournament
A really gran' affair.

Then Committees for this an' that
Was made frae day to day.
An' a' was done by foe an' frien'
To get it under way.

That simmer morn was scarcely born
Before we had begun;
An' ilka man put to his han',
Preparin' for the fun.

They brought a tent that some ane lent,
Wi' ropes to keep it straight;
An' pots an' pans, an' grates an' stan's
O' maist enormous weight.

We'd flags on poles, an' flags themself's
Hung roon' aboot the wa'
Some thoct "this here," some thoct "that there,"
Would mak' the place look braw.

Some ca'd the roller np an' doon,
Some ran aboot the banks;
Some dug oot holes for haudin' poles,
An' some nailed up the planks.

Some cried, "dae this," some cried, "dae that"
Some cried that baith was wrang;
An' some seemed cryin' at theirsels'
Tae help the wark along.

Then cairts an' cabs, wi' bowls an' slabs,
Was standin' roon' the door;
An' bowlers cam' frae far an' near,
An' gathered by the score.

We'd biscuit tins frae Gray an' Dunn's
An' kists o' blended teas;
An' stacks o' loaves a' standin' roon',
An' dauds o' hame-made cheese.

We'd hampers crammed wi' lemonade,
An' jars o' Mountain Dew;
An' lots o' beer, baith brisk an' clear,
To slake each thirsty mou.

Then bowls an' jacks, an' chalk an' mats,
Was laid upon the green,
Men tearin' here—men tearin' there—
Men gie'n their bowls a clean.

Some lost their coats, some wet their throats,
While some begin to play;
Some gang to draw, to see which twa
Will meet to play that day.

Then after mony oots an' ins,
At last they get begun;
An' folks a' dressed up in their best
Stan' roon' to see the fun.

Then some gets ane, an' some gets name—
Some's measurin' for twa;
Some's scowlin' angry at their men,
Some's layin' doon the law.

Some ramp an' stamp, and stamp an' ramp,
Because the bowl's over far;
Some roars, "Come in," some roars, "Keep oot,"
Some roars, "Stop whaur you are."